

# The Avalanche

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

AT  
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN,

BY  
O. PALMER,  
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For One Year.....\$1.00  
For Six Months.....\$0.50  
For Three Months.....\$0.30

## A YEAR'S HISTORY.

### Chronological Record of Twelve Months.

### FULL RECORD OF 1895.

#### An Epitome of All Events of Importance.

The Usual Admixture of Disaster, Crime, Political Changes, Commercial Achievements, and International Complications—Atrocities of Turks in Armenia the Most Shocking Page in Modern History—Powers of Europe Unite in Demanding Reform—Cuban Revolution Next in Public Interest.

With but two exceptions, the nature of the events which go to make up the history of the past year is not startling. The butchery of thousands of Armenians by Turks has aroused the European powers, and at the close of the year preparations were in progress which suggested the possibility of dismemberment of the Ottoman empire. This was the next most important affair, and that too, was in full sway at the close of the year. Spain seems to fruitlessly bend every energy toward its suppression. Popular sympathy is largely with the Cubans, and their success seems not improbable. In American politics the year has been exciting, and one of the great parties has suffered such reverses as to leave the chief executive unsupported in political power by a majority in either house of Congress. A chronological record of events follows:

#### January.

1. Michigan's first public installation of State officers... Gov. Morton, of New York, from Boston to Albany... Death of Boston Bull, lynched at Mount Sterling... Five perls in an incendiary fire at Lancaster, Ky.

2. Birth of Col. Edward M. Hoyt, legislator for Department of the Missouri at Chicago... Carnegie's Homestead men strike against reduction of wages.

3. Death of George W. Steele, publisher of "The Standard," French army, publicly degraded for selling war secrets.

4. \$1,000,000 fire at Toronto; two lives lost.

5. Explosion on steamer in Iroquois River kills 12.

6. Steaming mail packet stored at St. John's, N. F.

7. W. W. Taylor, ex-Treasurer of South Dakota, embezzles \$350,000; his bank Redfield, S.D., fails.

8. Two lives lost in a Toronto fire; property loss, \$600,000.

9. Coldest day of the season in Chicago.

10. Train held up near Ottumwa, Iowa.

11. One hundred frozen frost-bitten at Bradford, Pa.; \$130,000 damages. Several lives lost on England's coast, fifteen sailors drowned.

12. Hundred miners trapped by water in North Staffordshire. Eng.; 20 drowned.

13. Giant sandstone block, 60 tons, 60 feet, killed 100,000 French Pres.

14. Royalist rebels awake.

15. M. Felix Faure elected President of France.

16. News of rebellion in Hawaii... Death of Mary, Vice-President Stevenson's daughter... Militia ordered out to protect Brooklyn.

17. Body of Barrett Scott, the O'Neill, defaulter, found in river, with rope around his neck... Steamer "Columbus" lost.

18. Chicago has a thunder and rain storm with temperature of 54 degrees and a spring breeze, followed by a hurricane blowing 64 miles an hour, ten feet of snow, and temperatures above zero; many people hurt by falling timber blown from new buildings.

19. Steamer "Chicora" and 25 people lost off Point Judith.

20. Death of Lord Randolph Churchill at London.

21. Seven killed by Mandata, Ill., boiler explosion... Guatemala annexes Mexico by boundary claim... Fearful wind and snow storm in the West.

22. Fifteen sailors drowned off Point Judith.

23. Alarm for the overdue French liner La Gascoigne.

24. Whole country there extreme cold; 26 below zero. Oregon, 40° below zero.

25. Report of annihilation of Chinese fleet... U.S. fleet, under command of Commodore Dewey, defeated the Hongkong.

26. President announces the sale of \$62,400,000 in bonds... Coldest day of the year in India.

27. Schooner Ciara and 15 men lost off Liverpool, N. S.

28. La Gascoigne, eight days overdue, makes New York harbor with disabled machinery.

29. Death of Isaac P. Gray, Minister to Mexico... New Orleans has ten inches of snow.

30. Death of Fred Douglass, the colored orator, at Washington... Quick sale of late bond issue.

31. Riot at Savannah, Ga., because of ex-Pres. Hayes' arrival; troops called out.

32. \$400,000 fire at El Paso, Texas.

33. Death of Ward McAllister, leader of New York society.

February.

3. News of kidnaping of officers from Union Station, St. Louis, and the Chinese... Accidental shooting of a native... Chinese temperature 13 below.

4. Three drowned by Milwaukee street car running into a building... Miners killed by explosion... Chicago temperature 17 below... Queen Lill abdicates Hawaii.

5. Blizzards sweep over the Northwest... Alarm for the overdue French liner La Gascoigne.

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11. \$200,000 street-car barn fire at Chicago.

12. Five men killed, 18 hurt, 18 lost, at Lynn.

13. Death of Isaac P. Gray, Minister to Mexico... New Orleans has ten inches of snow.

14. Death of Fred Douglass, the colored orator, at Washington... Quick sale of late bond issue.

15. Harry Hayward convicted of murdering Catherine Ging at Minneapolis... Steamer "Low" sinks at Cincinnati; twelve drowned.

16. Spanish war vessel Reina Regente, 4000 tons, lost at sea.

17. Six men killed in New Orleans riots.

18. Seven Italians lynched by miners for murder in Colorado.

19. Newspaper Union plant burns at Kansas City... Two more Italians lynched in Colorado.

20. Five killed in round-house fire at Toledo, Ohio, during a protest meeting.

21. \$200,000 fire at St. Louis... Report of sinking of American schooner and crew of 16 by Spanish gunboat.

22. Mine explosion in Wyoming kills 60 miners... \$100,000 fire in Peoria, Ill.

March.

1. Mexican train wreck costs 104 lives.

2. Five killed, 19 hurt, by falling walls at New York... Rebellion gains ground in Cuba.

3. \$350,000 fire in Toronto; \$350,000 at Salina, Kan.

4. Chicago Times issues its last number before consolidation with the Herald... Terrible fifth-grade Congress adjourns.

5. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt divorced at New York.

6. One robber killed, one captured, and one wounded during raid on the Hotel Iowa bank.

7. Harry Hayward convicted of murdering Catherine Ging at Minneapolis... Steamer "Low" sinks at Cincinnati; twelve drowned.

8. Twenty-four lake vessels meet disaster in Lake Superior, between Grand Marais and the Apostles; all eight lost.

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O. PALMER, Publisher.

GRAYLING, W. M. GARNER.

## WANT TO ARBITRATE

RUMOR IN VENEZUELA THAT  
BRITAIN IS HEDGING.

Says Negotiations Can Only Be Re-  
solved Through the United States.  
Explosion on the Illinois Drainage  
Canal—Big Storm in the East.

**President Crespo** is Firm.  
It is rumored in Caracas that England, believing that the United States is determined to fight, is now willing to arbitrate with Venezuela and wishes to resume diplomatic relations for that reason. The Venezuelan Government, while desiring to speak officially regarding this rumor, admit that Venezuela cannot now renew negotiations or receive any communication except through the United States. There is great excitement over dispatch cables to the London Times, and everyone demands the expulsion of the French correspondent, Charles Aker. The American minister said in an interview that such action would be imprudent at this juncture, and his counsel was accepted. The society for the defense of Venezuelan territory has elected Cleverland and Crespo honorary presidents. It offers the government 50,000 men ready for war.

## PANIC AND DEATH.

Twenty-four People Die in a Balti-  
more Theater.

In a senseless panic, caused by a de-  
fective gas burner and a foolish cry of

fire at the old Front Street Theater in Baltimore, Friday night, twenty-four per-  
sons were killed, two fatally injured and

ten more seriously hurt. Almost all of

the victims are of Polish nativity and

Hebraic extraction. The theater was

filled with an audience assembled to lis-

ten to Hebrew opera. There were at

least 3,000 persons present when the

curtain went up. One of the dividends

went to light a gas jet which appeared

to have been extinguished. At the sound

of the cock and applied a match, the light

flared up, and it was seen that there was no

gas in the burner. The jet was in plain

sight of the greater part of the audience

and at the glare from it showed against

the wall some one in the gallery shouted

"Fire, fire, fire!" In an instant the whole

audience took part. The vanguard reached

the entrance on Front street, pushed on

by the howling, shrieking mob behind

them. Those in the foremost rank

were compelled to turn to the right and

to the left to reach the double entrance

way, built in the form of storm doors.

As the crowds from the two doors, one

on the right, the other on the left, reached

the landing they met. There was a brief struggle, and the panic-stricken

passenger crawled out from under their

heads and smothered if not killed.

In less time than it takes to tell it, the landing was packed twenty

or thirty deep with the panic-stricken

multitude and the hundreds behind them

were struggling over them to reach the

street.

## IT SHOOK THE EARTH.

Explosion of 4,000 Pounds of Dyna-  
mite on Drainage Canal.

Four thousand pounds of dynamite, stored in a little frame shed less than one thousand feet from the Chicago drainage canal at Romeo, exploded at 4 o'clock Friday morning, and the terrific concus-  
sion was communicated to an area cir-  
cumferenced by a circle forty miles in dia-  
meter. Every symptom of a powerful seismic disturbance was created by the power of the explosive material. Strata of limestone rock, dipping and falling in regular waves, were disturbed as if by some overwhelming subterranean power, and distant cities away where these strata came near the surface of the earth, houses were perceptibly jarred. Shells rattled, clocks stopped, and in the neighborhood of the explosion, people caused alarm.

No one was hurt, but much damage was done to windows in surrounding towns.

**Blizzards Weather.**

Heavy storms of snow, sleet, and rain swept over the Ohio Valley Thursday, prostrating the telegraph and telephone wires. At Indianapolis the storm was greatest. It passed eastward over New England, attended by heavy gales. West-  
ern Pennsylvania and Western New York were visited by heavy snowfalls, inter-  
spersed with sleet and rain. In New York the storm was the most severe the city has ever experienced since the weather bureau was established. At 2 o'clock the velocity of the wind was eighty miles an hour, five miles higher than the highest record for the city. The temperature fell fourteen degrees. At Long Branch the maximum velocity of the wind during the night was seventy-two miles an hour. At Sandy Hook it blew at the rate of fifty-  
two miles an hour. The gale struck the city shortly after 11 o'clock. There was a sudden mighty rush, a deluge of rain, and for ten minutes the conditions were cyclonic. Scaffolding, plate-glass windows, swinging signs, and many trees in various parts of the city were blown down. In the suburbs many houses were demolished, but there were no reports of any serious injury or loss of life.

**St. Louis Beats Her Own Time.**

The American liner St. Louis made the westward passage in six days, thirteen hours and twelve minutes, thus eclipsing her best previous westward record by two hours and thirty-nine minutes. She encountered a heavy north-northeast gale.

**Where Music Doesn't Pay Board.**

The members of the Missouri State University Glee and Banjo Club were held at Atchison, Kan., for a board bill. The club played to less than fifty people and could not leave for the next stand at St. Joseph, because of the lack of funds to pay their hotel bill.

**Spaniards Shaken Up.**

An earthquake shock has been experienced in the districts of Orense, Galicia, Puebla de Tríbeas, Lugo and Valdeorras, in the Province of Galicia, Spain.

**Export Cattle on the Hoof.**

Shipments of live cattle to Great Britain, via Boston, will probably largely increase in the near future. Armour & Co. have commenced to export steers on the hoof and will probably be numbered among the largest exporters. Their shipments will be largely made from Boston.

**City Threatened with Famine.**

El Dorado Springs, Mo., a city of 3,000 population, said to be the largest in the United States without a railroad, is in danger of a famine on account of the floods. No freight can get in, and big shipments of holiday goods are yet miles away, at inaccessible shipping points.

**Stock Scare Is Quelled.**

A New York dispatch agency, Wall street, rapidly recovering from its decline and the feeling Monday was at least up to the normal mark. This was

## BRAY TARS PERIL.

**Vessels Wrecked by the Terrible Gale**  
in the Irish Sea.

The British ship Moray, Capt. Comber, was stranded off Ballincourt's lighthouse, near Dungarvan, about a mile and a half from the Irish shore. Her crew, numbering thirty-six men, were dashed to her rigging throughout the night, and it was feared they would perish, as the sea was so heavy as to render it impossible for a lifeboat to live for any length of time. After daylight a lifeboat managed to reach the ship and took off fifteen of the imperiled seamen. The vessel was broken up when the lifeboat was compelled to leave her and went to pieces shortly afterward, the remaining seventeen members of the crew going down with her. A large three-masted vessel has been seen flying signals of distress in Kingstown Bay. A lifeboat which went to her assistance was capsized and her crew of sixteen men were drowned. A second lifeboat which started for the rescue was also overturned, but the crew managed to cling to the boat, which was finally righted. The fate of the three master is not known.

## REBEL SUCCESS BOOMS SUGAR.

**Price Advances One-Ninth and a Far-  
ther Rise Is Expected.**

Sugar advanced 1/9 cent per pound

Thursday and promises to advance still further. The causes are the recent in-  
surgent victories in Cuba and the fact

that the American Sugar Refining Com-  
pany, commonly called the sugar trust, is

fully alive to the situation. This is the

season of the year when the demand is

small and stocks are always allowed to

run low. Hard times have furnished an

additional excuse for carrying light stocks, and wholesalers and retailers

throughout the country never before had

so light a supply. The announcements

of the insurgent victories set many dealers

to thinking and induced many of them to wire good buying orders to the agents of the trust. The latter had also

evidently read the newspapers and had

marked prices up as above. Thursday's ad-

vance of 5-16 cent at a time when de-  
clines are usually expected.

## HAD NARROW ESCAPES.

**Two Men Dragged from a Burning**  
Building at Burlington, Iowa.

At Burlington, Iowa, Strickland's livery and boarding stable caught fire and were totally destroyed. Thirty-eight horses were smothered and two had narrow escapes from death. A stable employee who dragged from his bed unconscious was soon recovered. A negro in an adjoining building was carried out by firemen just in time to save his life. About twenty of the horses smothered were being boarded at the stable. The Adams express horses had been in the stable but thirty minutes when the fire broke out. Total loss on stock, buggies and building is \$40,000.

## Panic on a Train.

A rain of leaden bullets swept the smoking car of the east-bound Monon express as it picked its way out of Chicago Tuesday evening, and the panic-stricken passengers crawled beneath the seats with thoughts of train robbers and visions of eternity. The occupants of the swiftly moving coach were startled by the abrupt appearance of a wild-eyed man who entered the forward door at about the same time that a one-armed man stepped into the one at the rear. The wild-eyed man furnished a revolver as he entered and an instant later leveled it at the approaching one-armed man and fired. The one-armed man was seen to stagger for a moment, but, recovering instantly, returned the fire striking his antagonist in the left arm. The passengers by this time had

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## GOWNS AND GOWNING

### WOMEN GIVE MUCH ATTENTION TO WHAT THEY WEAR.

**Brief Glances at Fanciful Feminine, Frivolous, Mayhap, and Yet Offered in the Hope that the Reading Prove Keen to Wasted Womankind,**

**Gossip from Gay Gotham.**

New York correspondence:



HERE'S no knowing, how long the present rage for rhinestones will last, and there's no denying that just now it is felt by every woman who is ambitious to dress well. As these mock gems are now employed, it will take a considerable collection of them to serve for even a moderate wardrobe, so it is a saving trick to avoid confining them to one dress or hat, but to have them loose for use as occasion demands. Besides a set of buttons, which may mean from four to a dozen of them, six being a serviceable number, one really wants a handsome buckle. It should be a big affair with a lot of brilliants, the sort of thing that will look well anywhere, and that is such a glittering combination of all stones that it will seem to especially match each thing you wear with it. Next should come a string of rhinestones. These can be had at a theatrical place, you know the beautiful "diamond necklaces" the hollies always wears on the stage. These stones will adapt themselves to all sorts of use. Along the edge of a theater bonnet, twisted into a buckle-like shape for a hat, fastened to the top of a collar, etc. Then a wide belt of gold "lace," such as is sold at the military supply places, will prove very useful, and that is all the glitter marks a woman needs, though a pair of little buckles that can go on slippers are useful, of course.

For the disposal of a set of twelve buttons, the first dress shown herewith presents a good scheme, its skirt's front breadth having four, and a pair being

a coat is quite the thing worn with a white cloth or satin skirt, with black satin or cloth skirt; or with a skirt of velvet or satin in any solid color, and as seen by the writer was accompanied by a striped silk skirt, the stripes being purple on a white ground, and so arranged that they spread from the waist to the hem in spoke-like wheel effect. Aside from the great usefulness of a bodice that can be worn with many skirts, the style is worth even more attention because it is just coming in and is pretty sure to last for a good while.

Even outdoors white is in considerable favor, not in whole garments, but as trimming. White cloth trims the dress that the artist next presents, the dress green being lavender cloth, which is cut princess and ornamented in front with two panels of white cloth that extend from neck to hem. In the center there is a panel of the darker cloth. The sides have overlapping seams, forming loose jacket fronts in the waist, and are embroidered with soutache. A large white sailor collar is also

**REVIEW OF THE FASHIONABLE SEASIDE.**

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**HORN AROUND WITH BLACK VELVET.**

braided, and the center panel and sides are adorned with small fancy buttons.

Women who scheme at saving will do well to be on the lookout for bargains in ribbon. Use this in striping plain skirts. The stripes should spread from the belt of the skirt to the hem, and the more a skirt flares the more effectively it will stripe. The ribbon may overlap at the belt, separating, of course, toward the hem. A skirt of light satin that has become a little limp and soiled will be really brand-new when handsomely striped thus. The ribbon carefully stitched down on each edge will give new stiffness and flare to the skirt, and create a general change for the better. Narrow lace in close frills may be set along the edges of the ribbon, and the effect of this is very dainty. How many yards? Well, there's no danger of getting too many; you can use it all!

After all this advocacy of up-and-down stripes, the fourth picture with all-around lines may be a shock, but it should be borne in mind that women are clinging stoutly to their plain skirts, that dress designers are bent on turning them toward trimmed skirts, and so novelty after novelty of the latter sort is put forward as a lure. This dress was found in a very handsome shade of green cloth. Its skirt was garnished around the hips with four bias bands of velvet and was lined with green taffeta. The fitted bodice hooked at the side and had two bias folds around the waist. It also had a triple collarlet edged with velvet which was alike back and front and fastened along the shoulder seam. A row of jet buttons ran diagonally across the front, rows of the same were placed on the

**ASTRAKHAN FUR AND GRAY CLOTH.**



put at each cuff, at the waist and at the throat. In its construction this dress is unusual chiefly because of its voluminous fancy ripple collar, which covers neck and shoulders and is sash lined. The bodice is fitted, and has a vest of lace laid over fuchsia silk. Raised colored cloth is the material of the rest of the dress.

Another characteristic of the present fashions is the free use of furs as trimmings, and "frie" is to be taken in a double sense, applying both to the quantity of trimming and to the combinations that are permissible with it. Striped dresses are being turned out of tweed, with the skirt edged by a narrow border of fur. Collar, cuffs and edge of bodice are finished the same way, and a little fur lined cape completes the rig. In to-day's second picture the plan is more elaborate and original. This dress was sketched in stone gray cloth; its good skirt being slashed at the side to show a small astrakhan panel, the slashes alternately lapping over the fastening with buttons. The jacket bodice had a very short ripple basque ornamented with bias folds and a wide vest of astrakhan, with overlapping tongues of cloth in the waist and rows of the same along either side of the center, which lapped over and concealed the fastening of hooks and eyes. The plain stock collar was supplemented by another wired one of astrakhan. Chin-chilla could be used in this way, and it is more fashionable at present than astrakhan.

Jacket bodices like that of the last mentioned picture are plentiful out doors, while for indoor dressy use similar bodices in white-white velvet

sleeves, which, with the collar, were edged with feather galloon.

One of the most common bids of the designers to make women desert their plain, swirling skirts is in the skirt with panel trimming. Whether this is or is not a beginning of the petticoat styles that we are almost united in saying we won't have at any price, it results in very pretty costumes. One is shown in the fifth picture that is made very dressy, yet is of simple materials, a plaid suitting showing brown and red is the dress stuff, the panels on the skirt being of brown cloth, which are embroidered at the top and ornamented by fancy buckles. Brown brocelles, shoulder pieces and collar are also embroidered, the first named being held back at the waist by a third fancy buckle.

Posters are beginning to have their effect on dress, and women whose style of beauty—or shall we say ugliness—permits, are appearing in terrifying gowns of strong color and glaring effects. All by themselves they look startlingly well, but they are the despair of hostesses with "rooms to dress" and with other guests to be considered. A little lady who gave a dinner dance last week went mad because a girl appeared in a brilliant green wool gown made with enormous sleeves all alive with queer-looking crawling red things. Then she had her hair straggling down in a couple of long twisted locks, her thin neck was much exposed, and she looked hideous. That might have been a comfort, but she exerted the uncanny fascination of an ugly poster, and no matter how ugly she was, no one could help looking at her. She literally discomfited every other woman in the room, to say nothing of making the conventionally decorated table seem colorless and ineffective. This is but one instance, and there are to be more; can it be possible, think you, that our five o'clock will come to have the look of a Beardsley drawing room?

St. Clair County now has an even 100 places where liquor is sold. At least 15 at many places have paid the State license. Fifty-eight of these places are located in Port Huron and forty-two in the other cities and townships. Port Huron's share of the liquor money collected is about \$10,000.

The Buckley & Douglas Company, of Manistee, have discontinued drilling on the salt well, in which an explosion of gas occurred the other day, and are discussing the feasibility of plowing the well for purposes of fuel and illumination. A column of floating gas burst to the top of the derrick with great force, and was controlled with difficulty.

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## STATE OF MICHIGAN.

### Occurrences During the Past Week.

**Aged Jackson Hebrew Embroider Lot Off, with a \$500 Fine—Bardwell and His Wife Were Bound to Avoid a Will Contest.**

**Mercy for Hanaw.**

Judge Peck, of Jackson, sentenced Joseph Hanaw, the wealthy Hebrew, to pay a fine of \$500, and Hanaw was sentenced to a year and a day. Hanaw was convicted of embezzlement. Two of the oldest physicians tested the Hanaw was 64 years old and healthy still. Judge Peck said: "It's not a sentence of the Court in the ordinary term, and only the intervention of Divine Providence saves him from a prison sentence." The county has received from Hanaw the costs of the trial, \$1,200.

**Rev. Ford Becoming Famous.**

Rev. H. H. Ford, the St. Louis minister, who has been preaching object lessons for blacksmiths, barbers, firemen and others, decorating the church with the utensils of each trade, has had a hard struggle. When he was 6 years old his life was spared, and of his father had his hurriedly baptized. He has never had a sick day since. He went to Evanston University with only \$5 in his pocket and worked himself through. His first charge was in Pennville. Tough young men let loose a vicious bulldog in church. By the neck and effects him into outer darkness, remarking that if there were any more cuts who wished like treatment, let them come forward.

**How Over a History.**

There is considerable trouble at Mount Clemens over this Macomb County atlas, prepared by George A. Ogle & Co., of Chicago. Several citizens refuse to pay \$15 for the book, claiming it is incomplete and incorrect, and the Moxen Lumber Company won't pay \$50 for the advertising and picture of its business. A prominent physician threw an agent out of his office. Several law suits will result.

**Probable Court Puzzle.**

George Bardwell and wife, of White Lake, Oakland County, having no children and wishing to have the other's property, case of death, drew up individual wills to that effect. By mistake the papers were mixed, and each signed the wrong will. Mrs. Bardwell died, and Bardwell presented her will, signed by himself, for probate. The probate judge is deliberating over the strange situation.

**Short State Items.**

The latest industry at Gregory is a factory.

Pineknock has two dealers who have sold nearly fifty cutters this season.

Goggin Lake, near Battle Creek, has risen eight inches and is overflowing into creeks.

"Uncle" Eddie Baker, of Stockbridge, who was Sheriff in the early '90s, died Saturday.

Feb. 6 is the date fixed for the first shipment of pig iron from Gladstone's monster new charcoal furnace.

P. F. Cleveland of Flint, has got the contract to build the new dormitory for the school or the deaf. His figure is \$3,555.

A man from Metamora, Ohio, has been beguiling alms around Adrian, displaying a foot as big as an elephant's as the excuse for clarity.

The dukes of Ontonagon have evidently been burgled. Several stores have been robbed recently, and in every case perfumery was stolen in large quantities.

Beckley, Sanilac County, is awfully sick of its name and wants to be known as Beloit. Sanilac Center would be glad of almost any other name than its own.

William Caffery, whose body was recently found suspended from a tree near Minneapolis, had a wife and two children living in McBain, whom he deserted some time last August.

There's a project on foot at St. Joseph to build a combined G. A. R. memorial building and city hall, costing from \$15,000 to \$20,000. A considerable amount has already been subscribed.

J. H. Miller, of Ypsilanti, met young Clark Chamberlain on the street and openly charged the lad with stealing \$5 from his store. Chamberlain wailed, confessed and got sixty days in jail.

Muskoxen little boys are seen every day

gathering cigar stubs from the curbs, just what they did with the stubs was a mystery till a large crowd were seen smoking improvised brown paper cigarettes.

The brick curving of a well on Myron Porter's farm, near Mulliken, suddenly sank out of sight, and only a small hole was left to mark the spot. Farmers think there is a subterranean lake underlying the section.

Dr. C. D. Kapp, of Ann Arbor, who sued George Heimlerding, of Munising, for \$1,000 for services rendered the Heimlerding family during an outbreak of smallpox, has recovered \$400. The trial lasted seven days.

Mr. Charles Grossman, wife of an Ann Arbor hardware merchant, threw herself and 3-year-old daughter into a cistern, leaving a note telling her husband where to be found. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of suicide from temporary insanity.

John H. Marx, traveling agent for Hammon's Standard & Co., reported to the Saginaw police that he returned from a collecting trip and had \$400 cash and nearly \$100 in checks in his pocketbook.

During the night burglars entered his residence and stole the cash.

A farmer's wife, about eighteen, wife of Julius S. Alvin, was drawing water from a well, when she saw below the head of a man. Alvin removed a corpse, which proved to be that of James Hall. He probably stumbled into the well in the dark and couldn't get out.

Chicago chaps, three years ago, convinced almost all people that a crayon was just the thing, and a \$3,000 investment was the result. The farmers quarreled among themselves, profits vanished, and the crayon building has been sold for \$300.

A poor Huron girl jumped into the fly-wheel of an engine that was making 150 revolutions a minute. She landed astride a spoke and clung there until the engine could be stopped. She came out uninjured, but her next friend will try to get her a pension on the ground that she is a widow.

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## TIME-KEEPING TOPICS.

### MANUFACTURE OF THE FARM, GARDEN AND STABLE.

**A Neat and Permanent Ice-House for the Farm—Careful but Progressive Farming Wins—Wheelbarrow for Winter Use—How to Feed Horses.**

**Permanent Farm-Ice-House.**

The Bell Company has reduced the price of commercial telephones at Kalamazoo from \$75 to \$5 a quarter-mile because a new company has invaded the town. The price was formerly \$17.

Ed Schoolcraft, of Port Huron, has a map of the village of Palmer, now the city of St. Clair. It was made in 1890, and shows routes of several proposed railroads, none of which was ever built.

The Exchange Bank at Ewen failed. Its liabilities are estimated at \$10,000, with about \$3,000 assets. Cashier Gardner says that the failure is due to hard times. Village funds are involved in the failure.

James Daily, a patient at Meyer Hospital, Manistee, suffering from arteriosclerosis, escaped without coat, hat and shoes and wandered out into the frigid cold night. The next morning his body was found lying on the ground.

C. C. Spaulding, a fruit grower of Benzie Harbor, picked a number of buds and blossoms from his plants Saturday morning. He also picked a nearly ripe grown strawberry. Pansies were blooming in the garden of William Robinson.

The postoffice at Jasper, a village on the Fayette branch of the Lake Shore Road, was robbed of all mail, registered matter, stamps and supplies. The office was in a small store and contained no safe. Postmaster Goodsell cannot tell the amount of the loss.

**A NEAT, PERMANENT ICE-HOUSE.**

The 8 or 12 inch space with sawdust. Use the kind of lumber suitable to the builder's means, as the cost of the house will correspond with the quality of the lumber used. The foundation is fixed to drain thoroughly, and is filled to a depth of six inches with cobblestones and a floor of two-inch plank placed upon them. Have the floor boards an inch apart to allow drainage. Put ten inches of sawdust on the floor, or if not available use finely cut rye straw. Oat straw is not as good for this purpose as rye, for being soft it packs too closely. In putting in the ice, leave a foot of space between it and the wall and pack this with sawdust or straw as the wall of ice goes up. Place boards across the floor spaces to prevent too heavy pressure on the doors. When the house is full put a layer of sawdust or straw eight to ten inches thick over the top. The triangular windows at the ends provide thorough ventilation, which is an essential matter in keeping ice. Much cheaper temporary ice-houses can be constructed, or a stock of ice buried with sawdust or straw will keep ice far into the summer.

**Cutting Fodder by Hand.**

Not many farmers nowadays use hand power for cutting fodder for their stock. It is well that this is so. Many a boy has become disgusted with farming because obliged to turn a crank to do what could be much more cheaply done with steam power. Up to recent times the farmer took less advantage of labor-saving steam power than the men engaged in any other kind of business. We look for the time when either horse or steam power will do most of the hardest manual work, leaving to the farmer simply the duty of supervising and directing it.

**Last spring we fed raw eggs three or four a day, to a calf which everything else had failed to relieve. She soon gained strength. She could not get up alone at first, and the disease was checked. To-day the calf is as strong and healthy as any. We fed very little milk while giving the eggs.**

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# The Avalanche.

J. C. HANSON, LOCAL EDITOR

THURSDAY, JAN. 2, 1896.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

Read Rosenthal's Holiday Greeting.

Mrs. H. Buck, of Maple Forest, was in town Friday.

S. H. & Co. offer your choice of Boys Caps for only 50 cents.

Tim Webster, of Frederic, was in town last Friday.

For California fruit, of all kinds go to C. Wight's restaurant.

How many good resolutions, made yesterday, are already broken?

See R. Meyer's advertisement in another column.

Fred. Hoell, Treasurer of Blaine Township, was in town, Thursday.

Dolls and Toys, at Fournier's Drug Store.

John J. Coventry, of Maple Forest, was in town, Friday.

For Harness or quick repairs, go to M. F. Merrill's Harness shop.

H. Schreiber, of Grove, was in town Saturday.

For fresh Apples, Bananas and Oranges go to C. Wight's restaurant.

Olesen, the man who cut his throat last week, died Thursday morning.

Miss L. E. Barker, of Lewiston, spent Christmas with friends here.

Buy your Underwear of Saling, Hanson & Co.

J. E. McKnight went to Alpena last week, on business.

O. Palmer offers a good young work team, medium weight, for sale cheap.

C. L. Trombley was quite sick for several days, last week.

Sheriff Chalker went to Tawas City, last Saturday, on business.

Go and get bargains in Shoes at the store of S. H. & Co.

The officers of Grayling Chapter, R. A. M., were installed last Saturday evening.

Mrs. H. Trumley had the pleasure of entertaining her brother, during the past week.

The pension of A. B. Corwin, of this township, has been increased to \$10.00 per month.

They just suit me, is the verdict of all who drink Claggett's Teas. Best 25, 35 and 50 cent Teas in the city.

Joe Rosenthal made his semi-weekly visit outside last Saturday evening, returning Monday.

**Great Bargains in Ladies Shoes, at S. H. & Co.**

L. H. Richardson, of South Branch, attended the installation services of Grayling Masonic Lodge.

Miss Edna Kessler returned from a visit with friends in Bay City, last Saturday.

Miss Wanless, music teacher, returned from Bay City, last Friday evening.

Mrs. Dr. Wolfe had the pleasure of entertaining her father and mother, of Metamora, last week.

Chas. Rutier received a visit last week, from his brother and wife, of Almont, Mich.

Wm. Woodburn went to Dansville, Monday, to spend New Years day with his daughter, Mrs. Riker.

Use Pratt's Poultry Food for your chickens. For sale by Saling, Hanson & Co.

Try a mixture of Claggett's Mandailing Java and Mocha Coffee. He mixes them and you drink them. It will do you good.

T. W. Ostrander, and wife, came down from Atlanta, to pass the holidays with friends in this vicinity.

Messmates Woodworth and Evans, and Misses Maude and Mary Staley, were visitors at Lewiston, last week.

Amos Cummings, a pioneer of Ball township, died on Christmas morning, aged 77 years.

The R. A. M., of Gaylord, installed their officers Monday evening. Several of the fraternity from Grayling attended.

Creamery Butter, and Cream Cheese, at the store of Saling, Hanson & Co.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Coventry, of Maple Forest, attended the installation services at the M. E. Church, last Friday Evening.

For fresh Crackers, Cookies, bread and Confectionery, go to C. Wight's restaurant. He has just received a large assortment.

A sign of improvement in financial matters is the fact, that our merchants all report a satisfactory holiday trade.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

Go to the restaurant of C. Wight where you will find a nice selection of Fresh Candles, Oranges, Bananas, Palms, Grapes, Bulk Oysters, etc.

Arthur Cady spent Christmas with his mother, at Bayley.

The officers of Grayling Relief Corps and Marvin Post, Grand Army of the Republic, will be installed on Saturday evening, Jan. 11th.

**Closing out sale of Ladies and Misses Shoes at S. H. & Co's. Don't miss it.**

The family of H. Trumley were gladdened at Christmas time, by the presence of their children, from Vanderbilt.

E. R. McFarland, formerly a resident of Maple Forest, made final proof of his homestead, near Petoskey, last Saturday.

Timothy Cox started last Friday for the West, to find a new home. He had not decided whether he would locate in Illinois or Wisconsin.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder Most Perfect Made.

**MARRIED—On Monday, the 30th, at the residence of Mrs. M. Cowell, Mr. Geo. Cowell and Miss Ethel Reagan. Justice McElroy officiated.**

The G. A. B. Post, of West Branch, will install its officers next Monday evening, and they propose serving a picnic Camp Fire. They do not say whether they will serve it hot or cold, but hot, we expect.

**S. H. & Co. offer \$3.00, \$4.00 and \$5.00 Ladies Shoes for \$2.00. This reduction is made on account of closing out the stock.**

Every smoker in town is envious of Nels Michelson for the possession of the finest Meerschaum ever seen in these parts, a Christmas gift from his friend and business partner, R. Hanson.

A large number of our readers will not receive this number of the Avalanche, for the reason that they are more than a year in arrears on their subscription. We are sorry but can not do business without cash.

It is reported that the son of John Johnson, who is at the asylum for the blind, in Lansing, is in danger of losing his sight entirely. He is a bright boy and we hope he may escape so great a loss.

Anice Berubie, against whom an information had been filed for wilful trespass, and who failed to appear at the last term of court, thus leaving his bondsmen, N. P. Olson and Eugene McKay, "In the soup," was arrested on a bench warrant at Oscoda, by Sheriff Chalker, last Monday, and lodged in jail.

Officers of the L. O. T. M.

Ladies of the Maccabees, of Grayling Hive No. 54, elected the following officers at their last regular review:

Lady Commander, Juliette Butler. Lady Lieut. Com., Kitty Wald. Lady Record Keeper, Lea Goulette. Lady Fin. Keeper, Clarissa Taylor. Lady Chaplain, Minnie Enright. Physician, Dr. Wolfe. Lady Sergeant, Polly Croteau. Lady Mist. at Arms, Am. Croteau. Lady Sentinel, Edith McKay. Lady Pickett, Jennie Rivett.

Officers of the K. O. T. M.

Crawford Tent No. 192, K. O. T. M., elected the following officers for the ensuing year, at their regular review, last Saturday evening:

Sir Knight Com., Archie McKay. S. K. Lieut. Com., Jas. J. Collier. S. K. Record Keeper, Thos. Nolan. S. K. Fin. Keeper, Wm. Woodford. S. K. Chaplain, Chas. Hinman. S. K. Physician, T. E. Wolfe. S. K. Sergeant, Peter Brown. S. K. M. at Arms, C. W. Amidon. S. K. 1st M. of Guards, A. Croteau. S. K. 2d M. of Guards, F. Titus. S. K. Sentinel, Joe Croteau. S. K. Pickett, Ben Kraus.

Local Items—Roscommon News.

Miss Matie DeWeale arrived home Friday, and will remain during vacation.

Miss Jessie Irish, of Gaylord, and her cousin, Miss Myrtle Rich, of Grayling, spent Christmas in the village.

Mrs. Vena Jones, of Grayling, made the news office a pleasant call, last Saturday.

A little child was born to Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Head, of South Branch, on Friday last week, but such a blessing was not for them and He who gave called the little one to him after a brief existence of 24 hours. The funeral occurred Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Head have the sympathy of a large circle of friends.

On Friday, January 24th, our citizens will be given a treat in the way of a grand vocal and instrumental concert at the Opera House, under the management of Miss Vena Jones, of Grayling. Some of the best talent in Grayling, Gaylord and Roscommon will appear and they will be assisted by Miss Grace Inman, of Gaylord who is a celebrated elocutionist. After the concert a dance will be given for which music will be furnished by the Grayling orchestra. The proceeds of the entertainment will be devoted to the benefit of the Catholic Church and a cordial invitation is extended to all to attend.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR.

**W. B. FLYNN, Dentist,  
WEST BRANCH, MICH.**

WILL make regular trips to Grayling the 10th of each month, remaining three days. Office with Dr. Tee-ter.

**Upholstering.**

All kinds of Upholstering and furniture polishing done on short notice. Enquire of

HUGH OAKS.

**Wood for Sale.**

I have a large quantity of Hardwood for sale, at \$1.25 per cord, delivered PHILLIP MOSHER Dec. 12, tf.

**MARRIED—**At the residence of the

brides parents, Grayling tip, Tuesday evening, Dec. 31st, 1895, by Rev. R. L. Cope, Mr. George Granger, of Interior, Ontonagon county, Mich., and Miss Cecilia Corwin, of Grayling, Mich. After the ceremony a bountiful supper was served, moonlight sleigh ride enjoyed, and at 3:05, a.m., New Years day, the happy couple took the express for Interior, their future home.

**Cure for Headache.**

As a remedy for all forms of Headache, Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure, and the most dreadful habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation, Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tonic to the bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only 50 cents at L. Fournier's Drug Store. 2

**Hicks' Great Works.**

Rev. Irl R. Hicks, the celebrated storm prophet, of St. Louis, is now a household name in nearly every home in America. His wonderful Almanac predicts the weather for a year ahead more correctly and accurately than any other publication or any other system. The testimony of a large number of careful observers is that 99 per cent of Hicks' predictions are fulfilled to the letter. His series of annual Almanacs are now well and favorably known in all parts of this country, and in foreign lands. The new Almanac for 1896 is the most practical and instructive as well as the prettiest of this splendid series. It contains 160 pages, printed on fine book paper, with covers elegantly printed in colors. The matter, although scientific, is written in popular style, there being nothing difficult to understand about it. It is also finely illustrated. Don't confound this with some patent medicine pamphlet. It is nothing of the kind but is a fine book, which sells at all news stands for 25c. This fine Almanac is given as premium to every yearly subscriber to the Rev. Irl R. Hicks' well-known and deservedly popular paper, WORD AND WORKS.

After installation ceremonies were over, the members of the lodge and invited guests proceeded to the W. R. C. hall where Grayling Chapter, O. E. S. had provided a sumptuous banquet of the kind, and prepared in the style, for which the "Stars" of Grayling are noted. It was excellent, and satisfactory to the appetites of the members of the Blue, Chapter and Consistory, and even of the Mystic Shrines, who delight in and are noted for their gustatory proclivities. At the conclusion of the banquet the members returned to the lodge room and the craft were called from refreshment to labor and lodge duly closed. The fraternity were pleased with their first public installation, address, music and banquets, and the services of the evening will naturally tend to an increase in the membership of both Grayling Lodge, F. & A. M., and Grayling Chapter, O. E. S.

**Oregon Correspondence.**

Coburg, Dec. 25th 1895. Mr. EDITOR:

Thinking your readers might like to hear from this country, will just say a few says: We are having from 50 to 60° above zero. Rains some. Roses are still in bloom. People do little here in the winter. The farmers do their plowing, as soon as it gets wet enough. We are logging a little. I have just run in a few hundred cords of shingle bolts. The mill is running, also the saw mill.

By the way, there was about a month ago two young men here that came from your town, looking the country over, and enjoying themselves to the best of their ability. They did seem to enjoy themselves, but alas, I think they are dead, or we should have heard from them. If their friends enquire for them, say to them, that I have heard of them in San Francisco, Cal.; since then I have heard nothing. They have got lost, or something has happened to them. I send regards to all my old friends in Grayling.

Truly yours J. C. GOODALE.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Irritations, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by L. Fournier, druggist.

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## ARMY OF THE SULTAN

A FACTOR THE POWERS MUST TAKE INTO ACCOUNT.

A Nation of Soldiers with Bravadoes—The Turkish Irregular Bands of Cutthroats Who Are Worthless Against Civilized Troops.

The Turk as a Fighter. The interest at present felt in Turkish affairs generally is intensified with regard to the Turkish means of defense against the aggressions of Europe, for although the existing difficulty may be smoothed down without an outbreak of

Mussulman population would be glad to see removed or exterminated. They are not liable to military duty, but instead pay an exemption tax of about \$1.50 a head per annum.

Theoretically, every Moslem is a soldier on full-duty at any time to be called on to serve his master in field or garrison, but such is the spiritual prevalence of the principles of the Ottoman administration, both civil and military, that any one can secure an exemption who is able to pay for it. There is, moreover, a system of conscription organized by law that is supposed to be carried out in every part of the empire. It is based on the military system of Germany, for since the last Turco-Russian war the army of the Porte has been entirely reorganized by German officers, who naturally adopted the plan prevailing in their own country, and with which

is burned. Our American Indians were gentlemen compared with them, for the Indians did occasionally spare the children, adopting them into their tribes and raising them as members of their families, but to the natural savagery of their dispositions the Turkish irregulars add a religious fanaticism of the most exaggerated type, fanaticism that causes them to commit the murder of a Mohammedan as a religious duty, an act extremely laudable in the sight of Allah, and which will entitle them to much credit both in this world and in the next. Principles, if they can be so called, such as these render the Turkish irregulars objects of the utmost terror to defenseless villagers subject to their raids, and have at one time or another made their name a terror word from Vienna to Teheran. Along the frontiers of Hungary and Poland they were equally hated and feared for 200 years; the Popes of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries issued special prayers for protection against them; the inhabitants of Southern Russia, for a century and a half had, on paying fast day to insure immunity from their raids.

To the regular troops of any civilization they are contemptible. They are armed with primitive dirk-lock, smooth-bore muskets, 8 to 7 feet long, plated of centrally ancient pattern and sabres.

One cowboy, with a Winchester, a pair of good revolvers and a horse fast enough

to keep him from being overwhelmed by numbers, would be more than a match

for a dozen of them. They are brave enough, in their ferocious brutal way,

but the worthlessness of their weapons

renders them a scoff to any organized

body of troops. During the war of 1876, one regiment of Russian foot drove before

it, in headlong route, over 6,000 of these

murderers. A company of forty Rus-

sian frontier guards has been known to

dispense a band of 700. Worthless for

when murder and pillage are to be done.

They are picturesque objects, in their

Oriental costumes, with belts stuck full

of pistols and daggers, but, in a soldier,

piece-meal sequence is a quality of very

small consequence.

In actual warfare, therefore, with any

civilized power, Turkey must rely on the

infantry and artillery, the effective force

of these two arms being less than 400,-

000 men. Such a force as this could offer

a strong protest to the partition of the

Turkish empire, but even after its re-

sistance was overcome, the trouble would

not be at an end, for before the division

could be performed a campaign in every

neighborhood would be necessary. The

fanaticism harbored by Moslems for everybody and everything Christian

is almost inconceivable by the Western

mind. When, at the close of the war of

1876, Bosnia was assigned to Austria, an



A PAIR OF PASHAS.

war, still any untoward incident, when affairs are in so critical a condition, may be productive of serious results.

The Turkish empire has long been denominated "The sick man of Europe," but this expression must be understood

they were most familiar. The military system consists of the Nizam, or regular army, two classes of Redifs, or Land-army, and the Muzabat, answering to the Landsturm of Prussia. At the annual conscription the ranks of the regular army are supposed to be filled by the men of the levy, who must serve six years with the regular army and first reserve. They then pass into the second reserve, to be called out only on emergencies. Here they remain eight years, subjected to annual drill at their homes, then become members of the third reserve for six years longer, thus passing twenty years, either in the army or in one of the reserves. This is the system and, in working order, it would furnish the Government with an army, in time of war, of nearly 1,000,000 men. But, like everything else in Turkey, theory is one thing and practice another, and in reality there are but very few districts where the system has been put in running order, and none where the conscripts of the year do not buy exemption from service whenever they are able to do so. In one case in a military district near Smyrna, the population made a contract with the enrolling officers that, in consideration of a lump sum, paid down in cash, the district should be exempt. The money was paid, and the conscripting officer returned fictitious rolls and went back, rich and contented, to Constantinople. In another, the conscripting officer was prevailed on to enroll the population of the prisons; in a third all the beggars and poverty-stricken wretches to be found in the district were entered as conscripts, while the able-bodied men escaped.

In reality, the Turkish army is composed of young men, unable, under the

guidance of their leaders, to sustain themselves, and, with hesitation and fear, considering that, if it is their fate to be killed at such a time and place, there is no use trying to avoid it. Besides this, they are a hardy race, capable of enduring great fatigue and hardship without breaking down, of marching long distances without food or rest, and all these qualities, in a soldier, are invaluable.

The Turkish army, therefore, is a factor to be considered in the discussion of the fate of the Ottoman empire, for if the Turks should make up their minds not to be divided up into parcels without a struggle, they are capable of offering a very effective resistance to any proposed plan for the partition of their country among the powers of Europe. The area of the Turkish empire is about 1,000,000 square miles, or a little over one-half that of the United States, and the population is nearly 40,000,000, or about two-thirds that of our own. These figures, however, do not furnish a definite idea of the strength, or more properly of the weakness, of the country, as compared in the number of inhabitants. We are the people of all the races that were conquered by the Turks, who constitute more than one-half of the whole number. Christians, within the limits of Turkey, are treated as aliens, or rather as enemies, whom both the Government and the

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**"TIS THE THOUGHTFUL ACT  
THAT TELLS."**

From our home of peace and gladness  
Comes this happy, jingling rhyme,  
With our hearts that know no sadness  
At this blessed Christmas time,  
As we hear the dear old story  
In the pealing of the bells,  
To the giver comes the blessing,  
"Tis the thoughtful act that tells."

The mistletoe of bygone days  
Hangs aloft within our hall,  
And the bright red berried holly  
Drapes the pictures on the wall,  
And the air of sweet contentment  
Which in our household dwells  
Bears out the cherished saying,  
"Tis the thoughtful act that tells."

Let the miser hoard his money—  
What pleasure doth he find?

For when the day of reckoning comes  
It must all be left behind,

And he laughs to scorn the message,

Of the sweet, melodious bells,

As they bring to him the message

"Tis the thoughtful act that tells."

Let them ring and ring it louder,  
Let it sound through every clime,  
How our God will love the giver  
At the merry Christmas time.

Let them ring and ring for ever,

Until every bosom swells

With the love of helping others:

C. H. CAPERN.

**Miss Mildred's Good Gift.**

"Sometimes I hate Owen Meredith!" said Mildred Chesney, as she threw down with a bang the blue and gold edition of "Lucile" she had been reading.

"Why, Mildred!" exclaimed her widowed sister, Mrs. Gresham, who was calmly doing fancy work at the opposite side of the window. "I didn't know that it was orthodox for a young lady in her first season to do anything else but adore Owen Meredith."

"Well, I don't. Now, here is what I hate; just listen:

Yet there's none so happy but what he hath been

Just about to be happy at some time, I ween;

"About to be." Do you notice? Not will be or is, but 'about to be,' as if nothing ever came at the right time. I call it rank pessimism, and poor consolation, too, this is:

And to most of us eve we go down to the grave, Life, relenting, accords the good gift we would have;

But, as though by some strange imperfection in fate,

The good gift, when it comes, comes a moment too late.

"It isn't true, Eleanor, for there are thousands of people who are happy. I have been happy all my life, and I mean to be happy until I die. And what is all that nonsense about 'the good gift,' as if there were only one good gift in the compass of life. No, I don't like Owen Meredith."

A shadow passed over the elated woman's face, and it was a face that showed more development in experience than the ten years' seniority between herself and Mildred seemed to justify; she had lived, suffered, and thought, you could tell at a glance, and she had learned to be patient, that also was evident. She dropped her hands in her lap.

"The good gift," Mildred, she repeated; "I fancy it means different things to different people. It means amassing wealth to one man, it means political power to another, it means fame to another, and to most women it means their own ideal of love, for no matter what a woman achieves, she is only just 'about to be happy,' until that love is here."

"Now, that is downright sentimental, Eleanor," laughed the younger woman. "As if there was any one love that had to sweep over you like an avalanche before you could recognize it. It's all well enough in poetry, but I don't believe in it. Now, let's be practical and personal. For instance, there's our English friend, Fred Dalgrave. He is good-looking, cultured, rich and some day will have a title. He wants to marry your humble servant, who hasn't made up her mind yet whether to settle down or not, but I don't love him any better than I do most of my friends, and still, if I marry him, I expect to be happy—not 'about to be happy.' I think my 'good gift' will come at once, and not 'a moment too late.' Why shouldn't one be happy with everything to make her so? It is a woman's own fault if she marries a good man that she is good friends with, and then goes off mourning about being 'unsatisfied' and wanting things that always come 'a moment too late,' nonsense!"

"You have been a fortunate girl, Mildred," said her sister, "and yet it is easy to philosophize before one suffers. God grant that your happiness may be full and complete and in time, but there are many people who never reach it, save with their finger tips. As to Mr. Dalgrave, this is your first season, and I should be very certain that I loved him more than other men if I were you; more than—let us say, for instance—more than Edgar Wilson, just by way of example, you know."

"Oh, Ted!" carelessly answered Mildred, although the color deepened on her cheek; "Ted is just Ted, and I've known him all my life." Then, with an impulsive emotion towards the offending "Lucile," she awoke to her feet.

"I'll go down-town right now," she said, "and get a check from father for the rest of my Christmas list. Christmas, thank heaven, is one gift that always comes in the nick of time. Even your pessimism, Nell, can't declare that it is one of those intangible 'about-to-be' or that it is even 'moment too late,' and the girl went gayly out of the room humming 'I Love My Love in the Springtime' under her breath.

Mrs. Gresham looked after her with fond eyes that were a little moist. "Nothing has ever come too late for her yet," she thought. "She has never missed the mother who died in her babyhood, and all other good things

have been hers. I hope 'twill always be so."

Mr. William Chesney, the millionaire wholesale and retail dealer in toys, fancy goods and Japanese novelties, was in his private office when his daughter reached his place of business. A ragged woman, with a child in her arms, was standing outside his office door in conference with a clerk.

"He cannot be seen," the clerk was saying, "so you'd better go away."

"Why can't he be seen?" interposed Mildred's fresh, clear voice, with its wilful ring. "Of course he can be seen. I saw him through the window; he isn't busy a bit—come on," to the woman, "I'll take you in." And putting the action to the word she opened the door and introduced herself and her poverty-stricken companions to her father's notice.

The clerk shrugged his shoulders.

"It's rather it was she than me," he said, "taking beggars in there," and then he went about his business.

There was a mixture of emotions on the merchant's face; pleasure at his daughter's presence and annoyance at the sight of her companions, but he rose to the occasion with the air of one who was in the habit of doing his duty.

"What do you want, my good woman?" he asked the wretched-looking creature before him.

"I want help, sir."

"But don't you know that I can't help everybody; even if I gave away all I've got," he remonstrated. "But why don't you put down that heavy child and not carry her?"

"She can't walk, sir; she is paralyzed on one side."

There was a hopeless, quiet despair in her tones and face, something different in her manner from that of a professional mendicant. It was this difference and the sudden interest in Mildred's eyes that made the rich man push a chair to the woman and bid her seat herself and her burden.

"Why did you come to me?" he inquired, "and where is the father of your child?"

Something like a swift flash of pain passed over her set features as she replied to his second question first.

"My husband," she said, with almost imperceptible emphasis, "died four years ago, and I came to you, sir, because he was an Englishman, and I heard that you were born in London yourself. I cannot work, because I have no one to take care of the child, and she is helpless. So we have sunk down to what we are. We can't die, it seems, sir, and we must beg or starve; and I can't let the child starve, if begging will feed her."

"There are children's hospitals," he said, "why don't you go to one of them?"

"I have tried them, but they will not take her except for a few weeks at a time, as she is incurable, and five weeks ago they sent her back to me, and since then I've not been able to work on account of carrying her about with me."

"Did you ask the city for help?"

"Yes, sir; I stood for three days outside the Mayor's door, but could not get to him, and so I thought I'd try you."

All this time the pale little creature in her arms had sat with her big bright eyes fastened on a sample doll that lay on the merchant's desk. A seven-year-old child, with the developed intellect of one of three years, she was but a baby in her speech and thoughts. She looked old, and she was unnaturally quiet. You could not imagine her crying even for hunger and cold, and yet you could only treat her as an infant. As her mother ceased speaking, and then again she was able to get the child into a hospital, that you can count on, Mildred."

"Oh, yes," she said, and then looking up in a shame-faced way at Mr. Wilson, "Do you know, Ted, this is the first time in my happy life I ever tried to do anything for anybody? Everything has come to me. I mean to make that child better and her mother happy just for my Christmas present to myself."

There was such an eager, determined expression in her eyes that her sister felt her heart sink with the dread of disappointment for her.

"The doctor may not be able to do all you hope, Milly," she said.

"You think everything is too late," pettishly replied the girl. "Do you suppose God would grudge one happy Christmas to that poor woman?"

While Mr. Edgar Wilson cast a look of unutterable reproach at the older woman, who had dared to hint that any wish of Mildred's might go astray, it was self-evident that Miss Chesney was a spoilt young lady, and it was also easily discoverable that she had Mr. Ted's heart in her possession.

"For me?" she almost screamed in her nervous delight, "for me?"

"Yes, for you," he said, while a suspicious moisture clouded his eyes; then pulling himself up, as it were, to the practicalities of life, he handed the mother a bill.

"Where do you live?" he asked, "and what is your name?" And then, as if afraid that he had let his emotional nature get ahead of his business sense, he added, "but would you work if you could?"

"God knows I would, sir," she said, "and I am very thankful for this. I live in Thatchet's tenement, on Water street, now, and I am Mary Wilkinson."

There were no profuse "God bless you" as she left the office, but across the white despatch of the woman's countenance there had broken an irradiation of light as the mother looked at the happy face of her crippled child, who had forgotten all of her hunger and cold in the blissful possession of the "pretty, pretty baby."

"Father," asked Mildred, as the door closed, "are there many such in the world?"

"Thousands such, child; we have beggars all day long."

"Such beggars as these," she persisted, "who would work if they could; people without any chances?"

"Oh, yes, yes," a little impatiently, said the merchant, for he felt that he had already wasted too much time on the subject, not to mention having been guilty of an emotion. "A great many people miss their chances, one way or another—but how much money do you need for Christmas, eh, Mildred?"

"Whatever you think is enough, father," she answered, carelessly, and when he had given her the check she paused to ask him yet another question.

"Do you think there is any need of that child being helpless? Couldn't a doctor do something?"

The merchant settled back in his chair with an indulgently patient expression. "I suppose that if it had been taken in time something could have been done, but I doubt now if it would be any use."

"Well, father, good-by," said Mildred. "Thank you for the check, but I don't believe anything is ever too late, and I'm going to see about it. I'm going to talk it over with Mr. Dalgrave; he isn't so busy as you."

Her father smiled as the door closed.

"Dalgrave is a safe counsellor," he thought. "No Utopian foolishness about him."

Mildred's reflections as she walked along the crowded thoroughfares were very different. "Just think," she meditated, "that I never realized before that I had any personal obligation towards such people. I've given money, but that isn't much. I wish I had found that child sooner, and perhaps I had. If I hadn't been so selfishly happy. Now I suppose the 'good gift' for that woman would be to have her baby walk like other people's babies. Well, we must do something right away. Fred will help, I know."

But when she saw that clear-headed young gentleman he was not as enthusiastic as she was; in fact, his cool, matter-of-fact, half-bored air gave her a queer feeling of disappointment that she had never imagined it possible to feel towards the help of an English title.

"My dear Miss Mildred," he said, "those beastly poor people in the slums are impostors, most of them, and nuisances, too. The more you do for them the more you may do. Like as not the woman took the child from somebody else just to carry her around and excite sympathy from sweet-faced angels like you."

The compliment passed unheeded. "I'll give you a substantial check, Miss Mildred," he went on, "but I must insist—and there was a proprietary air in his manner now that she could not endure—that you 'give' it to some charitable society to look into the case for you, and that you will not think of being seen yourself in that low neighborhood of thieves, thugs and lechers."

"Thank you, Mr. Dalgrave," she said. "If I need it I will ask for it," and she turned the conversation to other themes.

That same evening Mr. Edgar Wilson dropped in with the familiarity of a old friend just about sunset, as Mildred and Mrs. Gresham sat talking over the incident of the morning.

"Tell Ted about it," suggested Mrs. Gresham. But it needed some persuasion to induce Mildred to do so. At last, however, she did, but in half-mind, way, as if she expected cold water to be thrown on her sympathetic plans and was dodging the shock.

"Fed," after a thoughtful silence, relieved her mind by looking at the matter in a different way from her English friend.

"You see, Mildred," he said, "there is a possibility that the woman may have deceived you, but that cuts no figure. There is the child, who, at all events, needs food, warmth and a doctor, too, who may relieve her some if not cure her. I will go with you and Eleanor if you want to look her up. It is a miserable neighborhood, but I take it to be a white calf browsing in the bushes by the roadside. His horse showed symptoms of fright, and, as he whipped him up to pass the creature, the farmer saw that it was not a calf but a white deer. No sooner was he past than Lebroke beheld himself that he wanted that deer, and, turning his horse, drove back to his neighbor Washburn's house to borrow a gun. No one was at home, so starting again for the corner, he drove for the third time by the deer, which manifested little alarm at his presence and continued to pasture by the road.

At Pratt's Corner lives Clarence Sprague, and to him the boy told of his discovery. Sprague took his Winchester rifle and went down the road to the point where the deer had been seen.

The creature had left the roadside and was crossing a pasture, browsing leisurely at the sprouts and bush tops as he went. Sprague followed it into the woods, and dropped it with a bullet at the second shot, ten minutes after he first came in sight of it. He brought it into town the same day, where it attracted attention as a curiosity.

The deer was a two-year-old buck, with spike horns. Its skin was milk-white, except for a double row of grayish brown spots extending along the back from the nose to the tail. But the most remarkable feature about it was the head, which in shape strongly resembled that of a sheep, the face being short and aquiline, while the eyes were those of a calf rather than of a deer. The creature's legs were shorter and stouter than is usual in a deer.

Various theories have been advanced for the singular conformation of the animal, but the most probable one is that it's mother, as sometimes happens with the deer, ran with the domestic stock in some back pasture, and, by her constant association with them, some of their characteristics were impressed upon her unborn fawn. This theory is the most probable in view of the uncleanness with which the young buck viewed the approach of men and the horse and wagon.

The skin and head, complete, has been mounted by a local taxidermist, and eventually will find a place in some scientific collection, where it will afford an interesting object of study to the naturalist.

such a smile of peace upon her face that even Mildred felt tears here were out of place.

"I meant to make this such a happy Christmas for you, Mrs. Wilkinson," she said, as they stood beside the frail little mortal that had "put on immortality." "But I was a moment too late."

"Don't say that, Miss Chesney," the woman sobbed. "I am not unhappy. It is a good Christmas, for my Nellie will never be cold or hungry or neglected any more."

On Christmas Day Mr. Fred Dalgrave, heir to a title, laid himself, title and all, at Mildred Chesney's feet, so speak, only to be raised to a standing posture and gently but firmly declined as a Christmas present.

On New Year's Eve Mr. Edgar Wilson came on pretty much the same errand, without a title, the result of which errand may be surmised when we learn that before they separated for the evening the following took place:

"You know what Owen Meredith says, Ted?" Mildred asked. "There are none so beguiled and Deceived by chance."

But what once in his life

Some minute circumstance

Would have fully sufficed

To secure him the bliss

Which, missing it, he

Forever must miss.

And I've made up my mind not to let a minute circumstance that can be split with three letters stand in the way of my bliss for the want of saying it. In the last few weeks I've learned that there is one 'good gift,' and I'm going to take it from you, Ted, last"—and here she turned a pair of tear-filled eyes up to his face—"in my loving memory."

And Ted did what most any young man would do where there is a pair of pretty, tear-filled eyes close to his mouth, fever, malaria, and even blood poisoning. The remedy is not a serum, but a chemical well known to the medical profession, and is applied by subcutaneous injection. There is no physician in the country whose opinion commands more respect than Dr. Edison's.

Among the flags now preserved in the War Department at Washington there is one conspicuous by its absence. That is the old flag of Fort Sumter. "However," said a Grand Army of the Republic veteran the other day, "it is good to be out of proportion to the size of the flag, and to supply for conscripts will be unable to supply a single recruit. Less than half a century ago the village possessed 700 inhabitants, but now there are scarcely half that number, the death rate being out of proportion to the number of births, and the depression in trade compelling the young men to go to the cities, with the result that not one of the required age for recruits is forthcoming."

Dr. Cyrus Edson, the well known physician of New York, claims that there has been discovered a method of treatment which will almost instantaneously cure consumption, yellow fever, malaria, and even blood poisoning. The remedy is not a serum, but a chemical well known to the medical profession, and is applied by subcutaneous